THE

Theatrical Observer;

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—*Othello.*

No. 3738. *Monday, Dec.* 9, 1833. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Covent Garden Theatre.

ON Saturday evening, the Opera of *Gustavus*, and the Farce of *Scan. Mag.* attracted an excellent house. Many of our readers will doubtless be surprised to hear that H. Phillips's scena, "When time hath bereft thee," is not by Auber, but composed by T. Cooke, to whom also is due the arrangement of the quartette, at the end of the second act.

Drury Lane Theatre.

THE Comedy of *The Poor Gentleman* was repeated here on Saturday night in a most efficient manner. Dowton's *Sir Robert Bramble* is one of the most exquisite *morceaux* of acting the modern stage can boast of; full of rich and racy humour, dashed with touches of beautiful pathos. After the Comedy, Poole's Comic Piece, *A Soldier's Courtship*, and *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, were performed. The parts in Byron's Tragedy of *Sardanapalus* were given out last week, it is to be got up with all appropriate splendour. The morning papers have sent Mr. Bunn, post haste to Paris, to see a *new* Ballet called *Les Amazonnes*; now it happens that *Les Amazonnes* is not a *new* Ballet, as it was done in Paris more than a year ago; if the object of the lessee's visit be a new Ballet, most likely it is *La Danseuse de Venice*, which is just produced at the Académie Royale, and in which there are only two male dancers, *Mars* and *Vulcan.*

There is a talk of Ducrow building an elegant Amphitheatre at the east end of the town, somewhere near the site of the Brunswick Theatre.

Curious Bequest.—Mr. Egerton, the worthy secretary to the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund, announced on Saturday that he had received from the "Tallow Chandlers' Company," the sum of £6, bequeathed by the late Mr. Roger Monk, of Wilton Place, to the Covent Garden Fund, for the purchase of a Twelfth Cake annually and for ever!! The committee received the eccentric legacy of the worthy *Monk* with gratitude.

"Theatres are lotteries which baffle all calculation. Our dramatic campaign commenced with one of the most efficient operatic companies we ever had. No expense was spared in the decoration of the house, and equal liberality marked the production of *Fra Diavolo*, and yet all was failure. After the preaching week, the manager re-opened with Caradori, still disappointment hung upon his footsteps, for, with the exception of two nights, that excellent singer never played to the common expenses of the house. She left, Miss Jarman, came. Several of our best Co-

medies were revived in a style scarcely to be surpassed. Still the receipts were wretched, and bankruptcy stared the manager iu the face, when out comes a "righte merrie conceite," entitled *The Man and the Tyger*, and presto, all his jest and jollity—smiling faces and full houses."—*Caledonian Mercury.*

The negociation with the Marquis of Bute for the purchase of "poor Kean's" cottage and estate, in the Isle of Bute, are at an end, and it is now intended to sell them by auction in the spring. The valuable appendages of the cottage, including the renowned "Bust of Kean," the choice library of books, and other interesting relics will also be sold, and it is hoped sufficient will be realised to satisfy all demands.

Pierce Egan's performance of the character of *Bob Logic*, at the Dublin Theatre, was not liked. A Dublin critic speaks of it in the following terms:—"We may *now* be permitted to say, (having seen him play the part a second time,) that it was one of the greatest *humbugs*—one of the most regular *doos* ever passed on a Dublin audience.

Fashionable Lounges.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—will you excuse me, I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

Monday, call in at the Queen's Bazaar, Oxford Street, to see the new Diorama of *Captain Ross's Expedition to the North Pole*—crowded to the door, but when I did get in, amply repaid for my patience—most interestiug subject—fancy yourself among the natives without the fatigue of the voyage.—*Belshazzars's Feast*, and all the *Physiorama Views*, are added, so that you see the whole for 1s.

Afterwards pop in a few doors higher up to *mon ami*, Palmer jun. just located from St. James's-st.—his new Dressing Case is positively a '*Portable Toilet*,' "a Travelling requisite"—so pretty—*so cheap*.—only two King Williams,—Aunt Paulina promises me one for a Christmas Box ! ! !

Tuesday, I have a great treat by lounging for an hour or two at the Suffolk Street Gallery, contemplating the choice specimens of the British School of Painting which adorn its walls. Everybody must go, for the artist, the connoisseur, and the mere *desæuvre*, will be equally delighted and instructed.

Ashamed of the rain penetrating my Beaver, determined "to set my crown upon a cast," dropt into Perring's, 85, Strand, purchased one equal to Vestris in beauty and durability, and as *waterproof* as Jack Reeve—quite a bargain, only a Guinea.

Wednesday, I visit that wonderful Exhibition at No. 238, Regent-Street, the *Industrious Fleas*, where a quantity of Fleas are dancing, playing musical instruments, all dressed like ladies & gentlemen; some drawing coaches, elephants, &c.—By the bye, I had a lucky escape there, I was nearly shot by a Flea, only there was no ball in the cannon.

Monday and Thursday dine at the Table d'Hote provided by Evans, formerly at Covent Garden Theatre, at his hotel, late Joy's, Piazza—served with elegance, enlivened with the singing and wit of his brother actors.—Can have a Chop, &c. for Supper here as cheap as at his old house in Maiden Lane.

On Friday, I examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square—just added other beautiful specimens of her art.

Several of my friends having been misled by external appearances, and popped into the wrong shop, I would recommend them in future to order their Wines and Spirits *by post*, as there can be no mistake in directing letters to Brett's Patent Brandy Depot, 109, Drury Lane.

How Macready shines to-night, says I, at Drury—Mrs P. instantly asked me this Con.—"Who is the most shiniag and reflecting man, & the greatest friend to the *Polish* cause in London?" looked at my brilliant boots, and exclaimed "*Robert Warren!*"—Isn't that a good one?—but I intrude, beg pardon—

Your's, &c. PAUL PRY.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, a new Grand Historical Opera, called

Gustavus the Third;

OR, THE MASKED BALL.

The Scenery, which is on a scale of Magnitude never before attempted in this country, by Messrs Grieve and Assistants.

The Decorations by Mr Bradwell—Machinery by Mr Sloman—Plumassier, Mad. Minon—The Costumes, by MrPalmer, MrHead, &c—Chandeliers byMrBrookes.

The whole produced under the Direction of Mr. FARLEY.

Gustavus the Third, Mr WARDE,
Col. Lillienhorn, MrTEMPLETON, Count Dehorn, MrSEGUIN,
The Baron Bjelke, Mr BAKER,
Count D'Esseu, Mr. PERKINS, Count Ribbing, Mr WILSON,
Captain Ankarstrom, Mr H. PHILLIPS,
Oscar, (Favorite Page to the King,) Miss SHIRREFF,
Christian Engleheart, Mr BEDFORD,
Madame Ankarstrom, Miss INVERARITY,
Arvedson,..... (a Fortune-teller) .....Mrs FITZWILLIAM,

The following is the order of the New Scenery:

Grand Saloon in the King's Palace—Triumphal Arch of Queen Christina—Interior of Fortune Teller's Abode—Distant View of Stockholm, by Moonlight, from the Place of Public Execution—Norr-malm Square, in Stockholm—Apartment in the House of Ankarstrom—Royal Gardens, with the Fountains of Neptune—The Saloon of the Opera at Stockholm, fitted up for the Masked Ball, in which will be introduced the fashionable German Pas, principal Dancer, Mrs Vining, with Mdlles. Payne, Hall, Hill, Bennett, Perry, Froud, Conway, & Marsano. The celebrated Danse des Folies, principal Folie, Mlle.Celeste. Folies, Mlles. Thomasin, Fairbrother. Fenton, Ryals, &c. &c. A Figure Dance by Mr Payne and Mr F. Sutton—The Parisian Gallopade, promenade of the characters, in which will appear nearly the whole of the company of the two Theatres, assisted by above 250 additional members, habited in the most gorgeous varied costumes. The piece will terminate with the Assassination of Gustavus.

After which, (20th time) a new Melo-drama, called The

Ferry and the Mill.

The Czar Peter, Mr WOOD,
Meuzekoff, Mr G.BENNETT, Ugo, MrYARNOLD,
Stoback, (aWoodcutter) Mr RANSFORD,
Cornholm,....(the Miller).....Mr BARTLEY,
Ghrist. (his Son) Mr MEADOWS,
Maximus Middleman,.....Mr HARLEY,
Ulrica.....(the Miller'sWife).....Mrs C.JONES,
Mary, (the Miller's Daughter) Miss TAYLOR,
Catherine of Livonia, Mrs VINING.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

This Evening, Shakspeare's Tragedy of

KING JOHN.

King John, Mr MACREADY,
PrinceHenry, MissLEE, PrinceArthur, MissPOOLE,
Earl of Pembroke, Mr DURUSET,
Hubert,.....Mr G. BENNETT,
Earl of Sussex, Mr CATHIE,
Faulconbridge.....Mr COOPER,
Earl of Salisbury, Mr YOUNGE,
Robert Faulconbridge,.....Mr HONNER,
English Herald, Mr HOWELL,
Executioners, Messrs. FENTON, & BARNARD,
James Gurney, Mr HATTON,
Phillip.....(King of France).....MrDIDDEAR,
Lewis, (the Dauphin) Mr BRINDAL,
Archduke of Austria, ... Mr THOMPSON,
Chatillon, Mr WOOD,
Cardinal Pandulph, Mr MATTHEWS,
Citizen of Angiers, ... Mr YARNOLD,
French Herald, Mr F. COOKE,
The Lady Constance,.....Mrs SLOMAN,
Queen Elinor, Mrs FAUCIT,
Blanch,..... (of Castile) ..... Miss MURRAY,
Lady Faulconbridge, Mrs BROAD.

To conclude with, the Melo-Drama of The

Innkeeper's Daughter.

Richard, Mr COOPER,
Frankland,MrAYLIFFE, Monkton,MrTHOMPSON
Harrop, Mr WEBSTER,
Langley, MrTAYLEURE, Tricksey, MrHUGHES,
Hans Ketzler, Mr T. P COOKE,
Wentworth, Mr BAKER, William, Mr HOWELL,
Edward Harrop, Mr RICHARDSON,
White, MrEast, Smith, MrHenry, Allsop, MrS.Jones,
Mary, Miss KELLY,
(Her First Appearance at this Theatre these Six Years.)
Marian, Mrs BROAD.

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